

THE DEBATER



1921

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

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WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Wakefield, Mass.

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EDITORIALS

F. L. GREENE 22

As "*The Debater*" goes to press, Mr. Charles J. Peterson completes his second year as principal of the Wakefield High School. Mr. Peterson came to the school at a most critical period in its history. The sudden death of Mr. Howe and Miss Poor, for twenty-five years teachers in the school, seriously crippled the teaching force. The disintegrating effects of the war were already beginning to be felt. To Mr. Peterson fell the difficult task of reconstructing the school to meet the demands of post-war conditions.

In times of peace, educational problems are difficult to solve; but in periods of great confusion and constantly changing conditions, it is almost impossible to hold in clear vision the things of permanent value. Mr. Peterson brought to his task good sense, sound judgment, and a desire to help young people; and he has shown so much tact in discharging the duties of his office, that already the various departments of the school are functioning with their old-time stability and efficiency.

* * * *

SUFFRAGE

Woman suffrage has become a law of the land. The Great War was the immediate cause of bringing suffrage to women. The efficiency which they showed in carrying on all kinds of war work convinced the men of their ability to administer public affairs.

It will now be possible for women to vote and express their opinions on all public questions which arise. The influence of the women will be especially felt in the making of laws which relate to public health, sanitation, and child labor. We believe that women will

also be able to fill civic and national positions with much success.

The next generation of boys and girls will be brought up as equals in civic responsibility. It will be as hard for them to realize that at one time women could not vote, as it is for us to think of the day when only landowners were privileged to rule the country.

* * * *

CHANGE IN TEACHERS

In these days of a scarcity of teachers, Wakefield is to be congratulated that during the past year the high school has lost but three teachers. In June, Miss Grace Emerson, teacher of mathematics, resigned to accept a position in the Melrose High School; and Miss Anne Carroll, teacher of science in the freshman class, resigned to go to the Vocational High School in Newton. In November, Miss Hazel Andrews, teacher of history, accepted a position in the Lynn Classical High School. After a series of substitutes, her position was filled by Mr. Edwin Purinton, who has aroused much enthusiasm in the study of history. In September, Miss Elise Brecker took the position made vacant by Miss Carroll's resignation, and in December, Miss Helen Crocker accepted the position, as teacher of mathematics.

The Debater takes this opportunity to welcome these new teachers, and to wish them every success in the Wakefield High School.

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DRAMATICS

Much interest has been shown this year in Dramatics. The regular meetings of the Ma-

thenian Society have been well attended. At these meetings short plays have been given, which have been much enjoyed by the members, and the club is planning to give a long play at the Princess Theatre some time in the Spring.

Miss Hester Sharkey, director of the Society, has written three one-act plays entitled, "Across Three Hundred Years," which were given under the direction of the English Department, on the evening of April 5, to commemorate the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims.

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RHETORICALS

Every Wednesday morning the fifth period the Seniors gather in Room 1 for rhetorical. At least once during the year every senior is expected to make some kind of a speech. To the uninitiated this may seem a simple matter, but every senior will tell you this is the most difficult task he has to perform. His audience, though small, is most critical, and there is always the possibility that at the last moment, he will forget his speech.

Drill in public speaking is most valuable and is much needed in our schools. One of the best ways to get this drill is in debating clubs. In past years the Wakefield High School has had large and enthusiastic debating clubs, but because of the difficulty in finding a time and place for meeting, these clubs have been discontinued. This is a loss to the school, and we hope that soon a way will be found so that once more we can have real live debates.

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"Spring in England" written by Miss Thelma Yewell for the "*Debater*" gives vivid pictures of English country scenes. It is of special interest to us because Miss Yewell has so recently come from England to make her home in America.

* * * *

The "*Debater*" in behalf of the school thanks Miss Thayer for her gift of one hundred books in memory of her brother, the late Mr. Ashton H. Thayer, who was for many years a member of the school committee. Mr. Thayer was always much interested in public matters and he exerted a strong influence for good in the community.

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It is rumored that the state board of education is planning to reorganize the study of Latin in the secondary schools. Perhaps in a few years we shall be speaking and writing Latin as they did in the days of Shakespeare.

A SCHOOL LIBRARY

Every High School should have a library. Some of the large schools of the state have libraries with paid librarians, whose business it is to care for the books and to acquaint the students with such reference books as they need in their studies. A large library in the Wakefield High School building is an impossibility. There is no room which could be used as a library and little wall space where shelves could be placed. Nevertheless, the need for books is so great that something must be done.

The school has already a few good books. The one hundred books from the library of the late Mr. Ashton H. Thayer is a valuable addition. A few books have come to the school from the library of Miss M. Annie Warren, who was for almost fifty years a teacher in the public schools. Other books and sets of books have been given to the school from time to time.

The English Department is trying to work out a plan whereby all the books can be cared for in Room 1. It has been suggested by some of the students that the cabinets at the back of Room 1 be moved to Room 10, and that shelves be built into the wall space. Whether this is done or not, what books we have, must be catalogued and properly cared for. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when the Wakefield High School will have a well-equipped library and a paid librarian.

CHARLOTTE WALKER, '21.

A GLIMPSE OF SPRING IN ENGLAND

Over three thousand miles from Boston, on the outskirts of London, there's a dear little, old-fashioned village, known since the fifteenth century, as Dulwich Village. It is a quaint little place, with its ancient Gothic Churches and remains of schoolhouses, now completely overgrown with creepers; with its historic Toll Gate, and ivy-covered pumps; with its tiny cottages, whose walls are invisible through the thick growth of clematis and creepers. Some of these cottages are still inhabited, by old-time folks, plain, hardworking, hospitable, and sincere people, whose chief pastime is tending the gardens which surround their cottages,—old-fashioned gardens, where only the old-fashioned flowers are cultivated in the old-fashioned way.

The village itself seems buried among the woody groves and lanes that surround it. Among many beautiful, picturesque old walks, there is one that to me, is lovelier than all the others.

As you leave the last road of the residential section of the suburb, there is a wide country lane, turning abruptly to the left. This is Green Lane, which leads to the old Toll Gate. Along the centre of this lane runs an irregular grassy path. On a spring day this narrow strip of bright green is dotted with little pink-tipped daisies and varied cuckoo-pints, while the larger dandelions lift up their yellow crowns as if monarchs of the kingdom of spring flowers! For a short distance, you pass play-grounds of various schools, Dulwich College cricket field, Alleyn's Girls' Tennis Court, and others, hemmed in by broken fences, through the cracks of which you can catch glimpses of the players.

A few yards farther on the lane gradually narrows, and the spreading branches of the huge oaks and sycamores almost meet overhead, behind the dense, unkempt hedges, the children's idolized "bread-and-cheese." Beyond these rough looking hedges stretch beautiful fields, decked in their new spring garments. At first we are conscious of nothing, save a sense of color, just *waves* of color! Fields of purple, sweet-smelling violets, a field of golden daffodils, dancing merrily to the tune of a swiftly running brook, over which a few moss-covered sticks serve as a crossing. Immediately in front is one mass of blue and yellow,—graceful bluebells gravely shaking their dainty heads at the vigorous movements of the blithesome cowslips; and beyond a swamp of irises, a "meadow trim with daisies pied," in which a flock of dirty looking sheep are nibbling the buttercups.

After leaving these fields, the Lane runs along the edge of the Woods. In the distance a mass of dark green stands out against the clear, blue sky, with its one or two feathery clouds. The sun shines brightly upon a hedge of white, pink, and red may bushes, and the fire-tipped blossoms of a few wild cherry trees. A wall of white, mauve, and purple lilacs is over-shadowed by tall, slender laburnum trees, whose yellow blossoms seem to fade into the brilliancy of the sun's rays.

"Cuckoo, Cuckoo," comes the shy cry across the swamp, while sweet, half-conscious little calls echo from the depths of the Woods, as though the newcomers were singing to the perfumed blossoms,—the first glad song of Spring!

Half hidden by the lilac bushes, stands an uninhabited old mansion, green and decayed by time, the last relic of one of England's highest families. The walls are covered with honeysuckles and clinging creepers, among which several birds are busy, building their little summer-houses. Solitary, the old house stands, haunting, commanding,—a memoir of Edward Alleyn's day!

The scene at this point is one of great beauty. All is peaceful. The College spires, silhouetted against the sky, are the only suggestions of the outside world. We are conscious of nothing, save beauty, fragrance, and Peace.

The husky clank of the rusty old Toll Gate, and the hearty "Good-day" of the old gate-keeper with his notchy stick, jerk us back from our dreams into the world of today, and we turn our faces homeward, resolved to reflect in our daily lives, some of the fragrance and beauty with which Nature has surrounded us.

THELMA YEWELL, '21.

RHETORICALS

Friday we hear rhetorical,
 So hasten to room one,
 If you don't hurry I'm afraid
 The first will have begun.

Just see the poor unfortunates,
 All sitting in a row,
 Who had no thoughts of misery,
 A little while ago.

Some pale, some blushing rosy red,
 Some feeling much weaker,
 As Mr. Peterson steps up
 Announcing the first speaker.

In silence each one holds his breath,
 But some one does in vain,
 For as he hears the fatal word,
 He recognizes his name.

He steps up bravely to the front,
 He feels somewhat absurd,
 He tries to do just one thing,
 Remember the first word.

He surely never was so glad
 As when at last he's done,
 And listening to the others——
 That, at least, was some fun.

MARTHA SNYDER, '21.

THE FIRST DAFFODIL

A sky of blue,
 A field of snow,
 A little yellow head, nodding cheerfully
 In the gentle breeze of Spring,
 At busy people passing by.

ADELAIDE BOYNTON, '22.

WHY WE SHOULD JOIN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Not very long ago, when our brave soldier boys crossed the Atlantic to serve their country's cause, the democracy of the world seemed to be in the balance. General Haig, the great British Commander, confessed to the belligerent nations, that his men "stood with their backs to the wall." The American troops, untrained as they were, were summoned to the battle-fronts to help check the great advance of autocracy. It was the first time in the annals of history, that Americans ever fought on European soil.

The climax of the great struggle came at the "second battle of the Marne." The tide turned in favor of the legions of democracy; revolts of the German people, tired of war, weakened the morale of the German army. The former great idol and god of the German people, fled into the territory of Holland; the armistice was signed, and there was peace once more.

Nearly all of the large nations of the world are now democracies; there are a few monarchies, but the common people practically control their respective governments. Instead of waging wars to settle our disputes, why can't we settle them peaceably? If we do not believe in the "might is right" policy, I see no reasons why we should act on it.

In the days of feudalism, an influential man could enslave another, and even compel him to fight for him. If he had a misunderstanding with another man of the same rank, he could carry on the "might is right" policy, and compel his vassals to fight for his selfish purposes, instead of settling the dispute himself.

We do not want a repetition of the past, we are living in the "age of reason," and not in the "age of serfdom," we should settle our disputes with reason, and not with the sword as our weapon.

Many great men believe we can prevent future wars only by organizing a "League of Nations." President Woodrow Wilson is the originator of this idea, but I am sorry to say that he has met with practically uniform opposition; for many great politicians have thrown dust into eyes of the people, and led them into the belief that the "League" will endanger our liberty.

"The League of Nations" covenant is not only national politics, but also world politics. The fate of our descendants, seems to rest on its result. Without it, the great "World War" will have been fought in vain. Think of the brave young lads, who fought on the battle fields of France, a few years ago. Think of their life in the trenches, of battles fought in

Picardy, in the air, under the ground, on the surface and under the waves of the seas, of those who constantly exposed themselves to the deadly gas and terrible liquid fire, and of battles between moving forts, the tanks. They bore that temporary life in hell. Why? Because the cause was just, and because they believed it would be the last war.

It is our duty to see that it is the last war. We must join the present feeble "League of Nations" and strive to make good our soldier boys' thoughts. Failure to do so will encourage another great nation to play the part Germany attempted. Japan's watchful eyes are even now focused on our Pacific shores. This ambitious nation awaits the downfall of the "League of Nations." Then she will attempt to carry out her ambitious schemes. Are we going to stand idle, and invite her to strike? We do not desire to make war when there is a way to avoid it. In unity there is strength. No one nation will ever dare to fight the world, even though another great nation does sympathize with her cause. The "League of Nations" will put an end to the "might is right" policy.

There is another point we must keep in mind. Remember, science is developing rapidly. The science of warfare will be improved. Cannons will be made much larger than they are at the present time; the giant Prussian seventy-five mile gun will seem a pygmy in comparison with the future cannon. Scientific men are now constructing a gun that will hurl a huge projectile to the surface of the moon. If their attempt is successful, think of the effect one of those cannon will have in future wars if there is no "League of Nations." One shell will demolish a whole city! War will be carried on, not only between the military forces of the fighting nations, but also upon the people. As a result of the explosion of one shell, thousands of men, women, and children will perish! Shall we make the way clear for those future calamities? Yet, if we neglect the opportunity to prevent war, our descendants will witness greater miseries than we have seen.

Naturally, we all oppose the "League of Nations" as it now stands, but let us have faith, the idea is very young.

It seems to me, that the difficulties in the organization of the "League of Nations" are identical with those in the past organization of our states, preliminary to their forming the union. The larger states desired to have more votes, and more representation in Congress; consequently, the smaller states disagreed. However, after a long struggle, these states came to terms, and formed what is now, the powerful United States of America. In the

"League of Nations" the same thing exists. The large nations desire to have more votes than their smaller neighbors, consequently other nations, such as the United States, for instance, object and refuse to join. Very soon, if America does join this League, we shall find they will bring about an agreement.

President Wilson, the originator of this idea, has been rebuked by the majority of the people of the United States; but who can tell, perhaps, he, like Robert Fulton, Edmund Burke, Richelieu, or Cavour, may become famous throughout the annals of history?

SALVATORE LOCASH, '21.

BACK TO THE FARMS

One of the great reasons for the unrest, agitation, lack of work, and high prices in this country today is the farm question. Men are leaving the farms and going to the cities to live in increasing numbers. The thirst for jazz and excitement, and the lure of higher wages are magnets which lure men off the farms. Every farmer who goes to the city becomes a non-producer, and we cannot afford to add to our dependence on foreign nations for our food supply.

In these days of modern improvements, and scores of farm appliances, life on the farm is not so tedious and hard as formerly. Even with these inducements to live on them, farms are being rapidly abandoned. The inducements held out to go to the city apparently overbalance those to stay on the farms, but, if we consider the question from all sides, we find that they do not. One point which we must not fail to consider is the health comparison. Statistics show us that the death rate is very much less in the country than in the city. If people would go back to the farms, the housing and labor problems in cities would be solved, or at least be greatly relieved.

It is easy to see by riding through the country, that farms are rapidly being abandoned, especially in New York, New Hampshire, and Maine, farmhouse after farmhouse is either boarded up, or falling to wrack and ruin from neglect and abandonment. Farms that once were prospering with many acres under cultivation, with herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, and many horses, are idle. Fields that once yielded tons and tons of potatoes are overgrown with sumac and juniper.

There is a farm in Edgcomb, Maine, that I remember particularly. It is nearly a mile from the road, and I came upon it by accident, as there is not the slightest vestige of a road

to it. The ruins of the old house are still there; the decayed timbers are in the cellar; and the remains of the roof are upon the ground. The lilacs and old-fashioned tiger lilies seem strangely out of place among the dense ground juniper.

There is an ancient farm in Wells, Maine, which I remember on account of the loneliness of the place. This one also is nearly a mile from the road and is even older than the one I have mentioned. It was originally the homestead of several families. Now trees are growing in the cellar-hole and the sills have almost vanished. The fruit trees were dead long ago, but the perpetual lilac and the dainty moss-rose still bloom by the doorstep. Over in a corner of the yard, the grave-stones of the old-folks, although half buried, can still be seen. Who will deny that there is something pathetic about the old abandoned farm?

Far-sighted men can see that the increasing tendency to rove to the cities is nearing its climax, and that there must be a time when the tide will turn, and the movement will be, "Back to the Farms!"

CLARENCE ELWIN PURRINGTON, '21.

A COMPLAINT

I must be made to concentrate,
To put my mind in study!
I guess they think I'm not much good,
And haven't even a worry.

They say I pass my time away
In seeking worldly pleasures;
They tell me how to find the road
That leads to higher treasures.

I wonder if they ever think,
Of lives we have but one;
That after all our youth is short;
So why not have some fun?

MARGARET KELLY, '21.

THE CALL

Come, lead the nation, patriot true,
Stand up in loyal might,
Inspire with courage to pursue
The rugged path of right.

Lead, lead us on, thou patriot true,
Hold high the shining light,
That led by thee, we may renew
Our courage for the fight.

HILDA HAYDEN, '22.

THE "Y. M. C. A.," AN ASSET TO THE COMMUNITY

I have often wondered if the people of Wakefield realize what the "Y. M. C. A." means to their community.

In 1902, several of the leading men of the town felt the need of some place where their sons could spend their spare time to a good advantage. To further this idea, they began to make plans for the building of a "Y. M. C. A." Their hopes were realized when, in 1909, the "Y. M. C. A.," one of the most attractive buildings in Wakefield, was opened.

As the building is small, the members are especially blessed that they are able to have all the privileges of a larger association, with the exception of the swimming pool.

Through this association and with the aid of a staff of very competent supervisors, the Wakefield young man is able to develop himself, physically, mentally, and morally.

These young men are grouped in different classes, and attend the gymnasium at different periods during the week. At the gymnasium, their training is under the physical director who conducts the calisthenic drills and supervises the work on the different pieces of apparatus such as the horse, the buck, the parallel and horizontal bars, the spring board and rings. The clumsiness of some make the classes amusing, while the ability of others makes the exercises spectacular. After the class drill is over, the fellows are put into several teams and a basket-ball game is started, or if the majority wish some other game, heminway ball, indoor baseball, or volley-ball is played. The main desire of the physical department is to promote good health, steady nerves, clean morals, and a genial disposition.

To help build up the mental and moral character of the youth, there are clubs, and instructive talks, besides the personal contact with the secretary, a man of high ideals, and fine character.

At these clubs, the boys themselves have full sway, and conduct themselves in a business-like manner, with the general secretary as their advisor. The clubs are divided into three groups, one for the high school boys, one for the employed boys, and one for the grammar school boys. Each club has a special object for which it was formed. The object of the High School Clubs is "to promote the general welfare and all-around development of the High School boy," while the Beaver Club is "to improve the younger business man," and the Pioneer Club "to develop the grammar school boy."

Between the first two clubs, there is great rivalry, and competition is carried on in pool tournaments, bowling matches, and basketball games.

Besides helping the fellows mentally and morally, the "Y. M. C. A." aids them socially. Their meetings are preceded by a supper, which proves to be a gay affair, and very often there are socials to which the ladies are invited and that club has the use of all the amusements of the building.

There are Sunday afternoon talks on worth while subjects for the older boys, and at the clubs there is a leader, a man interested in the boys, who leads them in their discussions on important problems of the day.

All these activities keep the young men off the streets and in good company.

Some of the reasons why a fellow should be a member of the "Y. M. C. A." are these; "it is an association of young men and the building is a common meeting place. It affords him good, clean, Christian and moral companions; it has the equipment to make him physically fit; it will show that he cares or wants to be in the right kind of company and environment; it instructs how to live, to avoid evil and to protect manhood; it gives him a place where he can profitably spend his spare time in good reading in a cozy reading room and in playing wholesome games; and last but not least, it puts him under secretaries who are in the work primarily for the service they can render to young men, and who are capable of giving sound advice."

The "Y. M. C. A." is often criticized by non-members because they cannot use the privileges it holds out to the boys, but like any club it is solely for the members, and any self-respecting fellow over ten years of age can be a member.

Taking all these points into consideration, is not the "Y. M. C. A." a wonderful asset to the community?

FRANK E. LORING, '21.

A RIVER

Endlessly onward it is running,
Never a stop will it make,
Sweetly a tune it is humming,
Quickly a turn it will take.

Gay is the song it is singing,
Cheerful and happy its band,
Sweeter than bells it is ringing,
The work of our makers' hand.

ANNA S. HAYDEN, '23.

IN A MAINE LUMBER CAMP

There are many people in our own town who think it would be necessary to go to the north-western part of the United States, or the Canadian woods, in order to visit a real lumber camp. They are entirely mistaken, for a person can easily take a trip to the northern woods of Maine and visit one of the most interesting camps in North America.

There are several camps in Maine, but the largest of them is in the Dead River region. This camp employs three hundred men. There are sixteen bunk-houses where the different crews sleep, eight cook houses with a seating capacity of fifty each, and many other small buildings including the office, bosses' headquarters, stables, engine-rooms, blacksmith shops and tool shops. It would take a person two weeks to travel the entire domain of the camp and the working places of the various crews.

Much hard work goes on in these camps. First, the lumbermen cut the trees, then trim them and with the aid of horses haul them to the nearest freshet or large brook. Next, the floaters take the logs down the brook to the river where they are sorted and chained into lots according to their quality for making boards. In the spring, the floaters really work hard. After the winter's snow the brooks are overflowing and the waters of the rivers are madly rushing about. All this commotion breaks up the chained logs, and they float wildly about until there is a jam, then the floaters have to take their picks and peaveys and again separate the logs.

After all is in readiness, the logs are floated down to level water and a long float is made. A steamer is waiting to take them to the nearest sawmill where they will be turned into boards. After they have been thoroughly seasoned in the yards, they are carried by freight to the purchaser's factory in some large city or town and made into some unique article. From the factory the article will be sold to the retailer and he will in time sell to the customers, who will have for their homes, the product of our forests.

R. CLEMONS, '21.

AT THE TOP

The man who wins
Is the man who tries,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes,
Who labors on and never stops,
He'll find a place waiting at the top.

MABEL HILL.

THE CELEBRATION AT PROVINCETOWN

At ten o'clock on the morning of August 28, 1920, a very small French merchant ship, the "Ville D'ye," steamed into the harbor at Provincetown and dropped anchor. It was France's contribution to the celebration. About noon, two large American warships, the "Florida" and the "Delaware," floated in amid the blowing of whistles and booming of cannon. Later in the afternoon the "Constance," an English destroyer, glided over the bay and came to a standstill near the other ships. The "Constance" is an extremely low and graceful boat, built for speed.

In the evening marvelous acetylene searchlights from the battle ships lighted Provincetown and the surrounding country from dark until midnight.

The next day the ships were visited by thousands of interested people and all wore Pilgrim costumes. That night the lights were again put into play, making it seem like day.

Monday, the thirtieth, was the day of the main celebration. Early in the morning the "Star Spangled Banner," followed by "God Save the King" and the "Marseillaise," played by the bands on the ships, came floating across the cold, gray harbor to the silent shore. For an instant Provincetown lay still, as if listening for an echo of the wonderful music. Then whistles blew, automobiles began their usual humming, flags were hung out, adding to the already innumerable quantity of them.

The morning was spent in erecting archways, and in putting up pictures of the "Mayflower" on every available tree or post. A reviewing stand was built in front of the town-hall. Many store windows displayed miniature copies of the Pilgrims' sailing vessel. A temporary first-aid station was established in one of the central churches and the local doctors took turns in attendance.

At half-past one the reviewing stand was filled and the parade began. Among the guests were Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State, Lieut. Gov. Cox, the English Ambassador, Admiral Geddeys and the principal officers of the ships in port.

There were many picturesque floats and costumes in the parade. The Red Cross float was a representation of Flanders' Field. The Beachcombers' Club, composed of the men artists of Provincetown wore brightly colored pirate costumes. There was a float to represent the signing of the Pilgrims' Compact in the "Mayflower" cabin. There were also, many copies of the historic ship.

After the parade the throngs of people con-

gregated around the highly decorated Pilgrim monument on the Town Hill. Here, Dr. Wm. De Beaufort, the Netherlands' Acting Minister, Lieut. Gov. Cox, and several others spoke appropriately.

Just at dusk official flat-boats in the harbor began sending up magnificent fire-works, which continued until ten o'clock.

That evening the narrow streets of quaint Provincetown were crowded with a throng of laughing sailors and sight-seers. The stores were all ablaze with light and filled with purchasers. A grand Officers' Ball was held in the town hall.

At sunrise, the early fishermen saw the great ships steam away, thus ending the Provincetown celebration of the landing of our heroic forefathers.

MARY COGAN, '24.

HER LOVE

She most certainly was in love. Although at the time I had not had much experience with this complex subject, I could recognize the symptoms easily.

At dinner she refused a second helping of pie, and I knew something was wrong. All the afternoon she acted queerly, and did not say a word. She sat in a large chair, and stared fixedly ahead of her. Her usually happy grin was replaced by a miserable and gloomy scowl, which gave her a woe-begone appearance.

Suddenly she sprang to the window, and stared out with a strange expression on her face. Then she flew to the door and opened it, and in a second was on the walk, gazing down the street. Yes, undoubtedly that was *he*, walking by the side of her father.

Then she ran to meet them, and cried to her father, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, father, you must not let them take *him* away. Father, you know I love him, so run down and get the license. We must not be parted now."

Obediently the father passed down the street, while the girl walked into the house, trying to keep back the tears of joy, for had *he* not been saved from his enemies?

Soon the father returned, bringing the license. As he handed it to the girl, he received his thanks in the form of an avalanche of kisses which she showered on him.

Then he placed in her hand a round object which most of us would recognize, and she clasped it round the neck of her loved one.

"At last," she murmured happily, "Fido is safe. Now that we have the license the dog-eatchers cannot take him from us."

WILLIAM INGERTON, '22.

AMERICA'S FUTURE

What does American Citizenship mean to the school boy of today? Does he realize the great responsibility which is soon to be his? Is he devoting all his time to his studies and good literature, or is he spending his time in revelry and perhaps dissipation? These are questions of the most vital importance.

The school boy of today is the citizen of tomorrow and with him will soon rest the fate of the nation. Will liberty mean for him but the right to vote? Will the great heritage handed down to us from our Pilgrim forefathers be looked upon as a trifle, or will the future generation bear in mind those ideals for which our forefathers braved the dangers of storms at sea and of savages and wild beasts on land?

We have but lately passed a crisis in the history of our country. The world is worn out with foreign and domestic strife, and now looks to the younger generation to rally to its support. We have emerged from a war of unparalleled magnitude. Many of America's youths now lie buried amid the "poppies in Flanders' fields." The deeds of these great heroes should stimulate us to increased devotion to this wonderful country of ours and to the service of mankind.

MOSES M. FRANKEL, '21.

THE TWO LITTLE SPARROWS

One bright summer's morning when I opened my eyes and beheld the bright sunbeams streaming across my room, I was pleased to see so many beautiful birds, flying to and fro in the tall lilac trees in front of my window. Two sparrows especially, seemed to enjoy the beautiful May morning and sang with all their hearts, while the other birds, although they were never so numerous in that part of the garden before, did not seem to appreciate the beautiful nature which surrounded everything.

I noticed, as the sun gradually rose higher in the sky, that the birds slowly disappeared, but the two lively sparrows remained and seemed to be seeking for something. I watched them during the day, when I got the chance, and towards sunset they too disappeared.

The next morning there were not so many birds as the morning before, but I recognized the song of the two little sparrows and I knew they were present. That day I saw them only a few times, but the next morning and the next, they sang in the same tree and I wondered why they took a liking to that old lilac tree. Their reason was a good one.

The next day, when I awoke, I expected to hear the two little sparrows' morning greeting. They seemed to be missing, but on looking out of the window I saw that I was misfaken, for there they were, not singing this time, but each had a twig in his bill, and I could see they had chosen the lilac tree in which to build their nest.

Every day the little sparrows were busy, bringing straw, moss, mud, wool, and feathers, and soon their little home was built and ready to live in. Then came the gray speckled eggs on which the mother bird sat, while her mate sang, as he had done before, his morning song. Then, after a long wait of probably three weeks, came the little baby sparrows, who were not long in fattening and growing on the rich food which the mother and father birds provided.

Then, when their family was reared and had flown to seek a home of their own, the mother and father sparrow did not forget to sit on the branch in the same old tree and sing, what might have been, a prayer to the Heavenly Father, the maker and doer of all things.

REUBEN POTTLE, '23.

A NEW ENGLAND STREAM

There is no feature in New England scenery more beautiful than the streamlet which makes every hillside and valley bright with its sunny sparkle and liquid murmur.

Trace it from its source, where it comes bubbling from the very bowels of the earth between two large boulders, which have sheltered it for countless ages, to the place where it widens to meet the onrush of a mighty river.

In summer it winds its way from rocky hillside to green and grassy meadow lands and from the open country to the shelter of the majestic pines of the forest. Its banks are lined with beautiful flowers, shrubs, trees, and bright colored butterflies and birds flit in and out among the thick and luxuriant foliage. In its bosom the trout, perch, and pickerel flash in and out among the rocks and weeds in search of the bright colored flies that come to rest on its surface.

In winter it is quite a different scene. The birds and flowers have disappeared. The trees have lost their luxuriant foliage, instead there are bare and snow covered branches. The little brook is covered with a coating of ice and snow, but it bubbles bravely on, awaiting the sunshine and warmth of spring to remove its icy covering.

GEORGE W. RUSSELL, '21.

"INTELLIGENT LISTENERS"

One of the greatest needs of the musical world today, is "intelligent listeners." It is sad, but the truth, that the majority of people who attend the great concerts of today, are bored, yes truly bored. There are countless reasons why one goes to a concert, even though he does not love music. But, you wonder why one who loves music would be bored by it. The greatest reason is, that they are not "intelligent listeners."

In order to become "intelligent listeners" there are two things we must have; first, a knowledge of the lives of the greatest composers; second, not only the history of the times in which these composers lived, but all the history, since the great development of music. For not only has the history of their own ages, but also the history of past ages affected the works of composers.

Let us consider one of our greatest composers, Chopin. Knowing the conditions under which he lived, and the age in which he lived, Hubbard says of Chopin:—"The delicate nuances of Chopin's music have never been equalled by another composer; every note is cryptic, every sound, a symbol. And yet it is dance music, too, but still it tells its story of baffled hope and stifled desires—the tragedy of Poland in sweet sounds."

Almost everyone is acquainted with the facts in the life of Marie Antoinette. Madame Edith Noyes-Greene, an American composer of the present day, always felt a pang of pity, when she thought of the sad plight of that ill-fated queen. This feeling caused her to write a piece for the piano, violin, cello, and harp, called "Versailles." This portrays Marie Antoinette playing the harp, and singing in the garden at Versailles.

If one would get the most out of the best music, he should know the conditions under which it was written; then one can live the joys and pains of the composer, by hearing that music well interpreted. So, music lovers of today, let us be "intelligent listeners."

GRETA M. PALMER, '22.

Here's to the Freshmen, good little things,
Here's to the Sophomores, wise as kings, ???
Here's to the Juniors, nothing extra on books,
Here's to the Seniors, who pass on their looks. ???

ARLENE GARDNER, '22.

TOO LATE!

This incident, which I am about to relate, occurred at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, while the Thirty-Second Michigan and Sixty-Ninth New York Infantries were awaiting transportation to Cuba. They were encamped near Tampa, Florida. My father was with the Michigan Regiment.

It was one of those unbearably hot days which my father and all the northern men dreaded. Mists rose from the rain-sodden ground as a blazing Florida sun beat down on the miserable camps. The soldiers, who had just finished a noon meal of doubtful, not to say antique, beef, lay in hammocks slung between trees, the grounds being covered with water and altogether too wet for army cots.

Some one suggested swimming. It was well known that sharks were numerous just off shore, and that several men had had narrow escapes, but the soldiers were willing to try anything as a relief from the exceptional heat, and soon twenty or thirty men, my father among them, were ready. Everything went well for a time; the men delighted in the change from the oppressive heat on land to the cool water of the bay. Suddenly a cry was heard from watchers on the beach. The swimmers scattered quickly to the beach, most of them having been half expectant of the warning. Two men, good swimmers, were quite a distance out. They turned and swam with great speed, seeming to leap from swell to swell as they drew nearer, but too late. As they raced on, always drawing closer to the anxious watchers there was a loud cry, a splash, and a red swirl on the surface of the water. Both men were gone!

It is needless to say that no soldier swam at that beach again.

LAWRENCE MARTIN, '24.

A TOAST

A greeting from us—the class of today
To those below and above us,
To those who care and those who don't,
But mostly to those who love us,
A wish sincere for all success,
And joys a plenty be,
A greeting, then, from all of us,
From the class of twenty-three.

RUTH B. MURKLAND, '23.

THE SPECTATOR DISCUSSES THE ATTITUDE OF THE MODERN YOUNG PEOPLE TOWARDS THEIR ELDERS

A few months ago I received a letter from a friend of mine—by name, Jane Craig—inviting me to spend a week at her home. Having had a very pleasant visit with her previously, I accepted the invitation.

During my visit, I noticed particularly the respect which Jane showed, not only to her parents, but also to all older people with whom she came in contact.

I found a marked contrast between Jane and Alice, a girl whom I met during my visit. She was a frivolous, irresponsible girl, caring not what people thought of her as long as she had a good time. She did not heed the advice of her parents, thinking them far too old fashioned and unsophisticated for the modern times.

Respect and thoughtfulness towards older people should be inculcated in a child when young, for disrespect depreciates one's character and often tends to selfishness and ill-temper, growing, sometimes, into an almost incurable habit.

While walking down town one morning with Jane, she told me of a woman who had been an invalid all her life. It seems that my friend called upon this woman every day, which kindness, undoubtedly brought a great deal of pleasure into the invalid's dreary and uneventful life. A great many people, and especially young people, think only of themselves, forgetting that one of the greatest things in life is to bring happiness to someone else.

Mrs. Craig spends the greater part of her time with Jane, and is interested in all she does, giving her advice, and having frequent "heart to heart" talks with her. Jane, likewise, has the utmost respect and love for her mother, and I have never known her to practice any form of deceit upon her.

The attitude of a great many girls towards their mothers is very deplorable. They have not the confidence in them that they should. This attitude not only breeds deceit in the girls themselves, but often influences their friends in the same direction.

However, I do not believe there would be so much of this disrespect and deceit if girls and boys could be shown how they appear to other people when they are disrespectful and deceitful to their elders.

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us,
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion;"

MARY GOODALE, '23.

THE SPECTATOR DISCUSSES THE MOVIES

As I was yesterday riding in the electric car I became aware of two young ladies who sat across the aisle from me, talking about the movies.

Indeed, their tones were so loud and shrill that you could hear them talking all over the car. They were gaudily dressed, and from what I heard of their conversation I judged they spent every night in the week at the movies.

The conversation that I heard went something like this:

"Isn't she too sweet for words?"

"Wasn't that dress she wore swell?"

"Isn't he a darling in that picture?"

"I wouldn't have missed that for worlds."

My ride consumed an hour and I listened to their opinions of actors and actresses. Judging from this conversation I am inclined to think that the movies are carried too far.

I was talking with Sir Roger about the matter and he gave me the following account: His nephew, having seen a picture in which a small boy performed some remarkable feats with matches, decided to try them himself, but in doing so he set fire to the carpet in his mother's parlor.

I have heard of several other instances concerning the wrong ideas children get from the movies, and while I think that moving pictures could be a great aid educationally, if used in the right way, I am afraid that if they continue as they are now, they will become a curse instead of a blessing to humanity.

D. YOUNG, '23.

THE SPECTATOR DISCUSSES ARMAMENT

One of the worst faults of the twentieth century is the waste of money and men on the armies and navies of the world.

Many nations have bought large battleships, cannon, stacks of guns and ammunition, paid large sums of money for them and they have all been destroyed in fighting.

By going to war many countries think they will be able to capture the commerce of the world. Practically in every war that is fought, the main purpose is to get commercial trade from every corner of the globe.

For instance, take Germany in the World War. Before she began she was a great commercial center, she was fast becoming greater through her industrial power, and undoubtedly would have become one of the greatest, if not the greatest trading centre of the world; but because she had a war lord and a few military generals, she thought she would get trade by fighting, but look what she has come to. She has practically, for the time being, lost all her trade with her conquerors.

In a word, countries have spent billions and billions of dollars on equipment for the army and navy and all that they have to show for it is death and destruction.

I think that if countries would go ahead and be content to either rise or fall in power by the law of economies, it would be much more honorable than taking to war.

PAUL F. CLARKE, '23.

WITH APOLOGIES TO "JAPANESE SAND MAN"

Here's the Wakefield Debater.

Sneaking in with the Spring.

Just the same old Debater,

But quite a lot more within.

It will give you much pleasure

While you're reading it through.

And you'll get inspiration

Just to start life anew.

You will not be much older

When the end you come to,

But you'll be a lot wiser

And the teachers will too.

Here's the Wakefield Debater,

Trading stories for cash,

Just the same old Debater

But with not so much trash.

Respectfully submitted by

The "B. H.'s".

WHO'S WHO IN THE CLASSES

Senior

President.....	Francis Bowman
Vice-President.....	Olive Cartland
Secretary.....	Ruth Brooks
Treasurer.....	Arthur Moneriff

Junior

President.....	George Hall
Vice-President.....	Selena Kalaher
Secretary.....	Margaret Bueknam
Treasurer.....	Robert Batten

Sophomore

President.....	John Donovan
Vice-President.....	Gayle Sanders
Secretary.....	Hazel White
Treasurer.....	Josephine Butle

THE MUSIC BOX

The music started softly, like the whisper of
a breeze
That had frolicked 'till the twilight, and
had stopped for rest and ease;
Then it strengthened slowly, shyly, half in
doubt, and half afraid;
'Til forgetting all in pleasure, with a merri-
ment it played.
It was thrilling, and exalting, it was mystic,
weird and sweet,
Causing smiles at first, then laughter with
its harmony complete.
On it went 'til with our laughter and our tapping
feet, in truth,
We drowned that sweetest music, while the
song it played was Youth.

Again the music started, but it started with
a sigh
Like the pine trees in the winter as the bitter
winds sweep by,
Now it tells of griefs, and sorrows, times of
anger, temper lost,
Of discontent, and bitterness, of useless pain
and cost.
But it softens, and it sweetens, and the change
that comes at last
Now sets us gently dreaming of the joys from
out the past.
It grows fairy-like, and fainter, like a distant
joyous life,
"Old Age" is being played now, on the music-
box called Life.

OLIVE CARTLAND, '21.

IN IMAGINATION LAND

Did you ever sit and wonder,
Sit and wonder, wish, and plan?
Just take yourself on a little journey,
Through Imagination Land.

And while there, just you imagine,
You can do most anything;
Even turn a vexing lesson,
Into a song you love to sing.

All this seems so very easy,
In Imagination Land;
There the hardest tasks are simple,
And things come as you have planned.

Have you ever stopped and wondered,
How the spider's-web is spun
From the fine and silky substance?
Work of "Art" when it is done.

Patience is his only helpmate
As he spins that web so fine,

Often missing what he aims for,
But he tries again next time.

Just imagine you're that spider,
Let his web your lessons be,
Don't give up until you've placed them,
Securely in your memory.

DOLORES McTEAGUE, '22.

SEEN FROM A HILLTOP

I stood upon a lofty hill, gazing around with
awe,
What wonderful scenes before me lay!—On
every side I saw
Strong, majestic trees of pine, standing so
straight and tall,
Dwarfing the poplar and cedar. The kings
and monarchs of all.

Round about, the moss lay thick, a carpet of
Nature's choice,
The beauty and charm of her works, we all
acclaim with one voice.
Dainty flowers of various hues, and lacy ferns
grew there,
Violets, bluets, anemones pale, and a patch
of the fern, maiden-hair.

I heard a song, exquisitely sung, it came from
the throat of a bird,
Rivalling, yes, excelling, the best musician
e'er heard.

I gazed above at the heaven's blue, and fluffy
clouds of white,
And saw a rough-winged swallow, winging
his homeward flight.

A squirrel peeped slyly from his refuge above,
in the gnarled old tree of oak,
Wondering, no doubt, what brought me there,
as each acorn he captured and broke.
—The sun was slowly sinking, like a ball of
molten gold,
And a splendor and glory of color, over the
heavens rolled.

MILDRED KALBERG, '22.

T—is for Tuell, she's modest and shy,
H—is for Hillsgrove, he's small, but, oh my!
E—is for Eaton, she's brim full of mirth,

D—is for Dolbeare, salt of the earth,
E—is for Elroy whose good nature's a mystery,
B—is for Burgess, oh how she loves history,
A—is for Arnold, she just adores red,
T—is for Tasker, her wealth on her head,
E—is for Evelyn, a very smart miss,
R—is for Ruth, the foolish author of this.



F. GREENE '22.

Classical Course

Eleanor K. Abbott	Lassell Seminary
Katharine Goodwin	Salem Normal
Winnifred E. Lenoir	Salem Normal
Edith A. Lewis	Post Graduate
Ruth L. Maxim	Jackson College
Marion E. McKie	Post Graduate
Antonio L. Mezzacappa	Amherst College
Hattie E. Moore	Salem Normal
Selma B. Roach	Simmons College
Adelaide H. Sweetzer	Bromfield Art Publishing Co.
Dorothy D. Taylor	Emerson College of Oratory
Mildred F. Willey	Salem Normal
Ruth A. Woodbury	Simmons College

Scientific Course

Chas. B. Ford	M. I. T.
George M. Nash	M. I. T.
Dana R. Staples	M. I. T.
Franklin G. Tyzzer	M. I. T.

General Course

Arthur I. Anderson	Lowell Textile School
Helen R. Arnold	Miami, Fla.
Parker L. Avery	Stone & Webster
Ethelyn P. Bartlett	New England Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Wilbur Batten	Bates College
Emily S. Boody	Northfield Seminary
Warren L. Buckley	Mass. Normal Art
Charles W. Bucknam	Parker, Holmes & Co.
Albert P. Burke	Cushing Academy
Phyllis G. Cadogan	New England Mutual Life Insurance Co.
Kathleen Carter	Mrs. Clark's
Richard S. Clark	Bates College
Frederick A. Costello	Bryant & Stratton

Grace Crosby
Leslie Cummings
Edmund F. Dagnino
Thomas E. Dinan
Reuben F. Draper

Marion L. Dunham

Ernest L. Frizzell
Wesley S. Garniss
Phyllis Glidden

Herbert D. Hancock
Horace B. Hill
Margaret Howland
Gertrude Hutchinson
Sophie L. Kroll
Thomas J. Lally Jr.
Edward B. LaFave

Richard C. Loring
Eldon Nichols
George M. O'Neil
Walter F. Pearson
Carl G. Peterson
Margaret E. Purdy

Oliver S. Quimby

John A. Reid

Stanley M. Sargent
George Seabury
Sybil E. Smith
Frederic B. Snyder
Joseph H. Taggart

Esther L. Tyler

Frammingham Normal
Cushing Academy
Dean Academy
Tufts College
New Hampshire State College
Massachusetts Normal Art
At Home
Swift's
Winchester Hospital, studying
Daily Item
Boston University
Boston University
Boston University
Notre Dame
Boston University
G. H. Ryder & Co., Boston
Wentworth Institute
Wireless Operator
Boston & Maine
At Home
Norwich University
Commercial Traveler's Association
Boston University (Bus. Admin.)
Bentley's School of Finance
Brown Bros., Boston
Wrought Iron Co.
Salem Normal
Worcester Academy
New Hampshire State College
New England Conservatory of Music

Gerald E. Tyzzer	Amherst Agricultural College	Carl A. Seaward	Woodsman in New Hampshire
Frances B. Vincent	Fourth Atlantic National Bank	Evelyn B. Smith	At Home
William S. Wallace	Boston University (Bus. Admin.)	Jeannette Stewart	Mrs. Clark's
Margaret C. Walsh	Notre Dame	Gladys E. Tibbetts	Nurse, Malden Hos.
Frank J. Wengen	Harvard Knitting mills	Nettie G. Trefry	American Reed & Willow Co.
Edwin M. Winslow	Boston & Maine R. W.	Marjorie E. Vint	Wakefield Savings Bnk
		Ida Weinberg	Edw. Goldberg, Att'y
		Alice R. Whittle	Royal Typewriter Co.
		Rachel Willey	Sec. A. G. Spaulding & Co.

Commercial Course

Ruth C. Anderson	At Home
Mary A. Avery	Fickett & Howard, Law Offices
Helen M. Barton	New England Mutual Life Insurance
Katherine M. Brehaut	Underhay Oil Co.
Charlotte L. Brooks	Federal Reserve Bank
Catherine A. Clements	Mass. Bonding & Insurance Co.
Gordon E. Crandall	Wentworth Institute
Leonard H. DeMarco	Wakefield Municipal Light Plant
Mabelle A. Douglass	Thomas J. Barry, Lawyer
Elsie M. Fay	John Hancock Ins. Co.
Helen E. Fitzpatrick	Mrs. Clark's
Esther M. Gallagher	New England Mutual Life Insurance
Tilly D. Gersinovitch	Boston Tea Co. Ltd.
Clara O. Hayes	Egyptian Chemical Co.
Lena B. Hayward	At Home
Margaret V. Hurley	Town Clerk's Office
Mildred E. Hutchins	Berry & Ferguson
Alice L. Kimball	Married
Inez M. Kirk	New England Coal & Fuel Co.
Rene T. Loubris	Heywood-Wakefield Co.
Marion O. Lynch	Johnson, Lawyer
Laura M. MacLeod	New England Mutual Life Insurance
Florence M. Meloney	Randall's Peanut Factory
Mildred L. Matheson	Moved to Danvers
Elinor B. Mayhew	Wakefield Municipal Light Plant
Emma M. Noyes	New England Mutual Life Insurance
Mabel B. Orde	Bookkeeper at Sederquest's
Ernest F. Payro	Heywood-Wakefield Co.
Grace M. Rogers	Moved to Somerville
Doris E. Perkins	Stalwart Chocolate Co.
Ruth Salvati	Bookkeeper at Paper Box Factory
Dorothy L. Sanders	Parks, Snow, Boston
Eugene E. Seavey	Boston & Maine

WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS AND WHY?

Most Popular	"Moses"
Most Likely to Succeed	"Charlie" Chipman (all A's.)
Best Natured	"Olive" and "Walter"
Grouchiest	"Jimmie"
Best Dressed	"Ruth" (I make them myself.)
Man Hater	"Connie" ???????????
Largest Eater	"Velma" (I'm simply starved.)
Lady Killer	"Bo"
Woman Hater	"Monk" ('Nuff sed.)
Best Line	"Fred" Fober (You tell 'em Fred)
Optimist	"Cath" (There's always an alternative.)
Best Disposition	"Dot" Brown (she walked right off with it.)
Prettiest	"Peggy" (Of Course)
Handsomest	"Myron" (How that boy does blush.)
Peppiest	"Roy" (This High School is <i>so slow</i> .)
Slowest	"Dick" (We have our doubts tho'.)
Funniest	"Red" (To look at him is to laugh.)
Cleverest	"Evvie" Hancock
Liveliest	"Annie" Kelly (You said it.)
Most Dignified	"Charlie" Carr ("well, this is my opinion--")
Cutest	"Al" Burgess
Sportiest	"Chris"
Best Dancer	"Smithy" (I'm a jazz baby.)
Biggest	"Guy"
Most Musical	"Miriam"
Most Dramatic	"Ide"
Our Twins	"Cath" and "Dot" (Even Mr. Peterson can't tell them apart.)

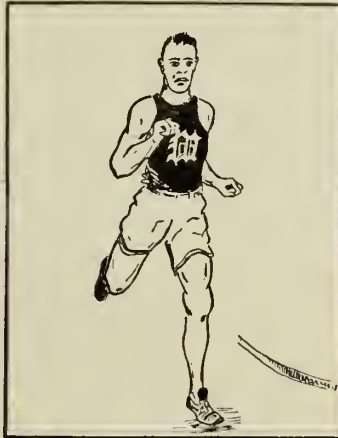


RAYMOND S. DOWER
Faculty Director of Athletics



W. H. S. TRACK TEAM, 1920--'21

Back row, left to right; Coach Raymond Druggan, Francis Bowman, Oscar Butler, Russell Callahan,
Front row, left to right; George Hall, Mgr. Arthur Moncrieff, Capt. Irving Patterson, Maurice Lee, Thomas Jazukawiz.



ATHLETICS

CROSS COUNTRY

Cross country ranks as one of the older sports of our school. Many say that Wakefield's reputation in the athletic world was made by her cross country runners.

I feel that in the space that is given to cross country some mention should be made of the individual stars who helped to put Wakefield High on the athletic map.

Among these men are James Burke and Raymond Brown, of the class of 1912. The former also ran in middle-distance track events and broke many records while a schoolboy. He later went to Lehigh University where he captained the track team for two consecutive years. Brown later specialized in the mile run and ran for Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The next are George Goodwin and "Joe" Duggan, of the class of 1916. They both proved consistent winners. Goodwin is still the New England Interscholastic Cross Country Champion and also holds the world's schoolboy record for the mile run, having broken both the one and two mile records while a Senior at this school. His record for the two mile run has since been broken. He later went to Bowdoin where he holds the record for the Maine Intercollegiate Mile Run. He was a member of the Olympic team in 1920.

William Burke, '18, and Abe Levine, '20, were both prominent in cross country. After leaving high school, Burke attended Notre Dame

University, and while in his second year there, captured first place in the mile run in the Western Conference Meet in the fast time of 4m. 20 4-5 seconds. Levine and his team-mate, Ray Batten, both went to Bates College where they took an active part in athletics.

Last but not least are Albert Burke, '20, and Irving Patterson, '22. The former was captain and scored many points for the school. Patterson won the Harvard Interscholastic Cross Country Run while a Junior. He also took an active part in indoor track, winning the 1000 yard run at the Greater Boston School-boy Meet this year.

The first meet of the season in which the team competed was an open meet held by the Olympic Club of Woburn. The meet was won by the Olympic Club with Wakefield second by a small margin of points. The Wakefield team finished in the following order: Jazukawiz 4th, Butler 7th, Clark 8th, Pasqualino 9th, and Seaward 11th. Patterson, who was ineligible to compete for the school, ran unattached and finished third.

The next meet was held at Worcester with the strong Worcester Academy team. The meet was won by Worcester Academy by the close score of 26 to 29. Melanson of Wakefield, after running a fine race, finished first by two hundred yards. The rest of the team finished in the following order: Butler 5th, Jazukawicz 6th, Burke 7th, and Seaward 10th.

The last meet was the Harvard Interscholastic Cross Country Run. Patterson and Melanson finished first and third respectively, from a field of ninety runners. The course was about two and one-half miles, and Patterson broke the record in the fast time of 11m. 27 sec. Jazukawiz finished 22nd, Butler 24th, and Seaward 34th. The team finished fourth.

A. M. MONCRIEFF.

TRACK

The Boston College High School Meet brought the season to a close for the W. H. S. track team. Although the team was not well balanced, it was decided to continue the relations with the customary high class teams so that the school might continue to meet these teams in future years. As a result of this the team did not win any meets this year.

The inter-class meet was held January 21, and was easily won by the Juniors, who scored 43 points. The Seniors were second with 17 points, the Sophomores were third with 1 point, while the Freshmen were unable to score. The dash was won by Capt. Patterson, '22; the 300 yd. dash was won by Bowman, '21; the 600 yd. run by Moncrieff, '21; the 1000 yd. run by Jazukawiz, '22; the mile run by Patterson, '22; the high jump by Grant, '22; and the shot put by Batten, '22; The Junior-Senior relay was won by the Juniors after a hard race.

The first dual meet of the season was held at Lowell, January 29, and was won by Lowell. Our team was greatly handicapped by the lack of spiked shoes. Spiked shoes were worn by the Lowell boys, and as Wakefield does not use them, the team was competing at a disadvantage. The 1000 yd. run was won by Capt. Patterson. This was the only first place secured by Wakefield. Talbot, Patterson, and Batten were third in the 300, the 600, and the shot put respectively. Grant was tied for second in the high jump, and Lowell won the relay race.

On February 3, the team went to Boston to run the strong Huntington School team. Patterson won the 1000 in fast time, and was second in the 600. Talbot, Batten, Jazukawiz, and Grant were third in the 300, 600, 1000, and high jump respectively. The relay race was won by Huntington.

The first meet held in Wakefield was with the Tufts College (1924) team. James Brown, former W. H. S. star, and captain of the Tufts team, easily won the 600. The 1000 was the feature race of the meet. Mooney of Tufts

took the lead from the start, but was passed by Patterson near the middle of the race. Patterson won by twenty yards. Talbot and Bowman were first and second respectively in the 300. Maroney secured first in the broad jump with a leap of 9 ft. 2 in. Batten was second in the shot put and Patterson and Batten finished second and third respectively in the 600. Butler was third in the high jump. Maroney was third in the dash. The relay was won by Wakefield (Talbot, Bowman, Moncrieff, Patterson). The meet was won by Tufts by the close score of 36 to 32.

On February 18, the strong Medford H. S. team came to Wakefield. The meet was won by Medford. Again the 1000 was the principal race of the meet. Capt. Brooks and Capt. Patterson, who were very close rivals, were pitted together in this race. Brooks took the lead at the start, but with three laps to go Patterson passed him with a great burst of speed and won the race by ten yards. Patterson and Batten finished second and third respectively in the 600. Batten also secured second in the shot put. Talbot and Lee finished second and third respectively in the 300. Maroney was tie for second in the broad jump. The relay was won by Wakefield (Talbot, Bowman, Lee, Patterson).

The Greater Boston Schoolboy Meet at the Boston Y. M. C. A. was the next meet on the schedule. The 1000 was won by Patterson, who defeated Brooks of Medford by five yards. The time was 2 min. 32-5 seconds, and was 2-5 of a second slower than the record for this meet.

Of the W. H. S. men entered in the State Meet, Patterson was the only man to secure a place. He finished fourth in the 1000 which was won by Brooks of Medford, who broke the record for that event.

The final dual meet of the season was held in the Armory on March 11, against Boston College High School. Although the meet was won by Boston College H. S. by the score of 46 to 22, the track events were exciting and closely contested as Wakefield secured but two points in the field events. Capt. Patterson was high man for Wakefield, tying for second in the 600 and winning the 1000 by fifty yards in fast time. Bowman ran away with the 300, defeating Flahive of B. C. H. by twenty-five yards. Jazukawiz was second in the 1000, and Maroney only placed third in the broad jump with a fine jump of 9 ft. 4 in. Butler placed third in the high jump. The relay race, which furnished many thrills, was won by Wakefield after Patterson passed his man on the last lap. (Jazukawiz, Bowman, Lee, Patterson).

In the total number of points scored, Capt. Patterson was high man with a total of 46; Batten was second with 12; Bowman, 11; Maroney, 10; Talbot 10; Jazukawiz 4; Grant, 2 1-3; Butler 2, and Lee 1.

Capt. Patterson won the 1000 in every dual meet in which the team competed. He also was third in the schoolboy 1000 at the Boston Athletic Association Meet, first in the same event at the Greater Boston Schoolboy Meet, and fourth at the State Meet.

The team that represented W. H. S. at the Relay Carnival won 1 1-2 points and had good time. (Hall, Callahan, Lee, Bowman).

The letter men for this year are the following: Capt. Patterson, Mgr. Moncrieff, Bowman, Jazkawiz, Hall, Callahan, Lee, Maroney.

Mgr. A. M. MONCRIEFF.

THE NEW FOURTEEN POINTS

1. That the name of Brandywine, New York, be changed to Coldwater, N. Y.

2. That "Drink to me only with thine Eyes," be made the National Anthem.

3. That all mention of Bourbon Kings be expunged from school books.

4. That, on account of being suggestive, rye bread be withdrawn from sale by all bakers.

5. That no part of a ship be referred to as the saloon, because that reference might raise false hopes.

6. That the word "port" be taken from navigation charts and references.

7. That all bars be removed from harbor entrances, or be designated by some other name.

8. That the use of alcohol lamps be forbidden by law.

9. That the useless 9,000,000 white jackets and aprons in this country, be sent to the starving Bolsheviks.

10. That the word "still" be taken out of the American language and all dictionaries and the word "quiet" be substituted.

11. That all mint be plowed under, and vanilla beans be planted.

12. That any barber tantalizing a customer by using bay rum on his hair, be given ten years.

13. That men with the "foot-rail limp" shall not be allowed to march in any public parade.

14. That all pretzel shall be made straight, instead of bent, in the old-fashioned style, to avoid reminiscences.

ROBERT BATTEN, '22.

FOOTBALL

Candidates for the football team were called out about September 15, and thirty-three reported to Coach Dower.

The team, from a standpoint of victories, was not as successful as had been that of previous seasons, although this was to be expected. Only three men of last year's team returned to school in September, 1920. Nevertheless in spite of the inexperience of the men, the playing was very creditable. The three men of the previous year's team were the dependable men around which the team was developed. Captain-elect Hall in centre showed remarkable grit and his passing was very accurate. On the defense he was a savage but clean tackler. Grant was powerful on the offense and could gain ground consistently. Burns in quarterback handled the team in excellent manner. His receiving and throwing of forward passes was remarkable and in many games he received forwards, causing a great gain of territory for his team-mates, and often resulting in touchdowns. Talbot, a new man in the game, showed up very well. He was a great ground gainer and could be depended upon to make good gains where they were most needed. He will be a valuable man for Coach Dower next year. Cochrane and Maroney were two valuable backfield men who could hit the opponent's line like a bullet. Surrette, Fober, and Dade on the ends deserved much praise. Fuller, King and Mullen showed that they could play football, and much can be expected from these three players next season. Wing was a powerful and speedy tackler and when the ball was passed on the defense, he was flying in at the opponent's backfield breaking up plays. Only four men of this year's team will graduate next June, leaving practically a veteran team for next fall. Coach Dower is looking forward to a victorious season.

CAPT. CALLAHAN.

FOOTBALL RESULTS

Wakefield	0	Malden	18
Wakefield	6	Woburn	21
Wakefield	14	Lowell	20
Wakefield	46	Saugus	0
Wakefield	0	Watertown	42
Wakefield	6	Fairhaven	6
Wakefield	6	Melrose	21
Wakefield	14	Arlington	19
Wakefield	28	Winchester	0
Wakefield	14	Lexington	0
Wakefield	46	Stoneham	0

CAPTAIN CALLAHAN.



BATTALION NOTES

The Wakefield High School Battalion has advanced farther this year than any other year. Last fall Sgt. Ernest Monroe, representing the United States Army, came to Wakefield to instruct the battalion in military drill. Lt. Col. John H. McMahon is with us again this year and with these two officers the battalion has been one of the best in years.

We now have three periods a week for drill and this gives the boys more interest in drilling. An officers' school is held every Tuesday afternoon to instruct the officers and non-commissioned officers.

About the first of March instruction began in the extended order drill. The boys seem to like this and show much enthusiasm. We have four companies which are about evenly matched and they show much competition. The following is the list of officers and non-commissioned officers in the battalion.

Major Richard B. Dolbeare, Adj. James Anderson, Sgt.-Maj. Ernest Dade, Supply Officer Philip Pasqualino, Supply Sgt. William King.

Co. A. Capt. Chas. B. Carr, 1st Lt. Abbot Feindel, 2nd Lt. Fred S. Grant, Jr., 1st Sgt. Samuel Levine, Sgt. G. Cole, Sgt. A. Anderson, Sgt. E. Clemons, Sgt. L. McMaster, Cpl. A. Jakeman, Cpl. L. Muse, Cpl. G. Millar, Cpl. R. Muse.

Co. B. Capt. Arthur Moneriff, 1st Lt. Francis Walsh, 2nd Lt. Winsor Finney, 1st Sgt. G. Hall, Sgt. T. Jazukawiz, Sgt. L. Cutter, Sgt. W. Mason, Sgt. K. Babb, Cpl. J. Yarushites, Cpl. E. Batten, Cpl. H. Mann, Cpl. G. Robbins.

Co. C. Capt. Roy Surrette, 1st Lt. Cecil Ward, 2nd Lt. Myron Wing, 1st Sgt. A. Sweetser, Sgt. L. Flint, Sgt. W. Brown, Sgt. S. Weinberg, Sgt. E. Talbot, Cpl. M. Porter, Cpl. E. Homer, Cpl. R. Mumford, Cpl. P. Cronin.

Co. D. Capt. Francis Bowman, 1st Lt. Frank DeFazio, 2nd Lt. Robert Batten, 1st Sgt. M. Fuller, Sgt. C. Heustis, Sgt. J. McPartland, Sgt. I. Patterson, Sgt. H. Reynolds, Cpl. E. Clark, Cpl. O. Ekstrom, Cpl. R. Seabury, Cpl. W. Ulrici.

MAJOR DOLBEARE.

EXCHANGES

The "Debater" wishes to thank all those who have made exchanges.

The "Debater" acknowledges the following:—
"Botolphian," Boston College H. S., Boston, Mass.

"Authentic," Stoneham H. S., Stoneham, Mass.

"School Life," Melrose H. S., Melrose, Mass.

"Megaphone," Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

"Blue and Gold," Malden H. S., Malden, Mass.

"Clarion," Arlington H. S., Arlington, Mass.

"Record," English H. S., Boston, Mass.

"Artisan," Mechanics Arts H. S., Boston, Mass.

COMMENTS

"Botolphian,"—The largest and one of the best papers we have received. A credit to your school.



OFFICERS OF THE WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL BATTALION, 1920-'21

Standing, left to right; 1st Lieut. P. Pasqualino, 2nd Lieut. W. Finney, 1st Lieut. F. DeFazio, 2nd Lieut. M. Wing, Adj. A. Anderson, Sergeant, E. Monroe, 1st Lieut. F. Walsh, 2nd Lieut. A. Fiendel, 1st Lieut. C. Ward, 2nd Lieut. R. Batten, 1st Lieut. S. Levine
 Sitting, left to right; Capt. A. Moncrieff, Capt. F. Bowman, Major R. Dolbear, Capt. R. Surrette, Capt. C. Carr.



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1920--21

Standing, left to right; W. Mullin, F. Walsh, R. Surette, R. Dolbeare, F. Grant, N. Fuller, G. Hall, M. Wing, Coach, R. Dower,
 Sitting, left to right; E. Cochrane, J. Moroney, W. King, Capt. R. Callahan, H. Melanson, W. Finney, D. Talbot,
 Front row, left to right; C. Sidney, E. Dade, Mgr. F. Fober, R. Burns, S. Levine.

"Authentic,"—A very good idea to have a continued story. One suggestion, have you any poets?

"School Life,"—A very good editorial on school spirit and support of the school paper.

"Megaphone,"—You certainly have a good paper. Good cuts, cartoons and a fine exchange column.

The "*Debater*" will welcome any more exchanges.

SENIOR PARTY

The 28th Annual Senior Party was held in the Town Hall, Friday, November 26, 1920, and was a success both socially and financially. After a short reception, dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

The hall was attractively decorated in the class colors, orange and black. Music was furnished by the Seven Syncopated Melody Lads from Keith's Circuit.

The Elimination dance was won by Miss Harriet Dolbeare and Winsor Finney.

The Matrons were Mrs. W. F. Bowman, Mrs. P. A. Saunders and Mrs. S. H. Brooks.

The committee in charge was: Francis Bowman, Chairman, Doris Brown, Olive Cartland, Miriam Skulley, Doris Mayne, James Anderson, Guy Anderson, Abbott Feindel, Roy Surrette, Arthur Moncrieff, Ruth Brooks and Hazel Foster.

JUNIOR PROM

The Junior Class held their annual dance in the Town Hall, Friday evening, February 14, 1921.

After a brief introduction to the matrons, dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

During the intermission the audience was pleasantly entertained by a minstrel show given by Whitten and Horne, an Egyptian dance by Miss Gertrude Watson, and an impersonation of the "Colorado-Kid" by Charles Kelly.

The elimination dance was won by Miss Helen Jones and Harding Eaton, the prize being two heart shaped boxes of chocolates.

Earle Brown's orchestra furnished exceptionally good music for the dancing.

The matrons were Mrs. Charles W. Hall, Mrs. Fred S. Grant, and Miss Hester C. Sharkey.

The committee in charge was: George Hall, Chairman, Margaret Bucknam, Robert Batten, Selena Kalaher, Ernest Dade, Arlene Gardner, Thomas Jazukawiz, Breta Heurlin, Muriel Kingston, John Maroney, Margaret Corbet and Fred Grant, Jr.

THE MATHENIAN SOCIETY

The second year of the Mathenian society has shown marked improvement in the character of the work done.

In November Miss Hazel M. Andrews, to whose untiring efforts the society owes its existence, resigned to accept a position in the Lynn Classical High School. Miss Hester Sharkey succeeded her as director of the club. Under Miss Sharkey's guidance some creditable work has been done.

The society recently authorized the expenditure of the necessary sum of money for the purchase of two tickets each week to some good play in Boston.

It is expected that one play will be presented in the Princess Theater, before the close of the school.

The officers of the Mathenian Society are: President, Francis Bowman; Vice President, Cecil A. Ward; Secretary, Ida M. Leach; Treasurer, Cathleen Loughlin.

IDA M. LEACH, *Secretary*.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The boys' glee club was organized about the first of October, under the direction of Mr. Arthur A. Fulton of the High School Faculty.

The club meets once a week, and great credit must be given to the boys and their competent leader for the interest that they take in this work. The membership is limited to forty members.

The club has weekly dues, which are: five cents, if present, ten cents, if late, and fifteen cents, if absent.

The boys are making fine progress and expect to give a local concert some time in May. They also expect to appear in concerts in Melrose and other places.

The following are the officers:

President.....Fred Grant
Secretary.....Cecil Ward
Treasurer.....Charles Chipman
Librarian.....George Cole
Ass't Librarian....B. Newcomb
Director.....A. A. Fulton

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear,
How little Dan Talbot fell on his ear,
A play he was making, straight through Wo-
burn's line,
When all of a sudden, he fell in the slime,"



Mr. Allen (To Fred Fober who is talking to Burns): "What are you doing?"

Fober: "I'm helping Bobbie."

Mr. Allen: "What's Bobbie doing?"

Fred: "Nothing."

Mr. Preble (Chem. Com. B): "Cochrane, do the sixteenth example."

Cochrane: "I don't know how."

Mr. Preble: "It's just like the ninth, only different."

George Cole: "Miss Goddard, there is one thing I want to ask you right now."

Miss Goddard: "ONLY ONE! Aren't you feeling well, George?"

"I stood on the bridge at Midnight,
The night was full of air,
Somebody took the bridge away,
And left me standing there."

Mr. Fulton (History Com. IVB): "Cochrane, who discovered America?"

Cochrane: "Santa Claus!"

Mr. Fulton: "How did he come?"

Cochrane: "Horse and Buggy."

Mr. Fulton: "No! Reindeer!"

Wing: "How will a ray bend when it enters water?"

Mr. Preble: "I can't answer that question, you didn't ask it right."

Miss Ingram: "Cast your bread upon the water and it will come back to you before many days."

Young ('22): "Yuh! Cast your eake on the water, and it will come back frosted!"

Mr. Dower (Com. Law IVA): "Who is an infant?"

Student: "An infant is a person under 21. Are you an infant?"

Mr. Dower: "Of course!"

A clergyman addresses Myron Wing who is standing in front of Bonney & Dutton's on Sunday evening: "Why don't you go to a place of worship on Sunday evening?"

Myron: "I do, sir, I'm on my way to *her* house now."

Miss Bigelow: "DeFazio, is the following sentence declarative, interrogative, or exclamatory? 'How did the telegram come?' "

DeFazio (half asleep): "Over the wire I suppose."

Mr. Denker (History IVC): "Miss Keander, give a brief sketch of John Calhoun."

Miss Keander: "John Calhoun was a great Southern statesman, he was kind, generous, noble, and er—er—he was Hotheaded!"

Voice from rear: "No wonder, with that mop of hair!"

Heard at a "Debater" staff meeting. Miss Cartland: "Say, this is a business meeting."

Miss Kelley: "All we've done so far is eat!"

Mr. Hillsgrove: "Don't judge others by yourself, Anna!"

Teacher to group of girls: "May I leave you without a chaperon?"

Miss Kalaher: "OH! Yes indeed! All we want is a chap alone."

Freshman: "I've got a slivver in my finger."

Sophomore: "Didn't I tell you to stop scratching your head?"

Miss Ingram: "Can anyone tell me what made Pluto weep?"

Guy Anderson: "Onions!"

Mr. Fulton: "What is meant by an Executive Session of any committee or *body*?"

Allen (1924): "When they vote to hang (execute) somebody."

Senior to Freshman: "Say, Bill, what makes you so small?"

Freshman: "Well, when I was young, they brought me up on canned milk, and now I am condensed."

Miss Hirst (Junior English): "Patterson, will you please stop using slang in this class?"

Kalaher: "Aw! Gee! Miss Hirst, he wasn't using slang!"

Miss Hirst: "Well, Kalaher, what do you call slang?"

Kalaher: "You'd be surprised!"

Freshman: "Are there any sharks on the Atlantic Coast?"

Mr. Fulton: "I'm sure I don't know, because I've never seen one."

Drill Sergeant (at top of his voice): "When I give the command 'Halt' you bring the foot which is on the ground to the side of the one which is in the air, and remain motionless."

Latin Teacher: "In this verse, what is meant by the line, 'The shades of night were falling fast?'"

Pupil: "It means that someone was pulling down the curtains."

Mr. Preble (telling the class a story): "I have a friend whose horse dropped on the street."

Cochrane: "Mr. Preble, he never did that before, did he?"

Mr. Preble (very solemnly): "Oh! NO!"

Teacher: "So you've come to school without a pen, have you? What would you say if one of our soldiers went to France without a gun?"

Brilliant Soph: "I should say he was an officer!"

Professor: "So, young man, you said that I was a learned donkey, did you?"

Freshman: "No, sir, I merely remarked that you were a burro of information."

Miss Andrews (History IVA): "Speaking of different nationalities, I can call you Germans, Italians, Greeks, Negroes, or even REDS, can't I Miss Leach?"

Mr. Leslie (History IVA Com.): "Why don't you ever know your lesson on Monday, Miss Frizzell?"

Miss Frizzell: "Well, you see I have company the night before."

Mr. Leslie: "Enough, said, Miss Frizzell."

Mr. Jones: "What nationality is Tschai-kowsky, the great musician?"

Burns: "IRISH!"

Mr. Fulton (Civics 1924): "Would you be asked to name your party at a direct primary?"

Harry Lilly: "No, because I am under age."

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To Users of this Bank's Checks

You appreciate the value of safety. Your money is deposited in this bank and your check is an order on cash amply safeguarded.

Are your valuables as safe as your cash? Would they, and your important papers, burn with your house?

Protect them, as you have your funds, by putting them in this bank. You can rent a good sized Safe Deposit Box at an average cost of a few cents a week.

WAKEFIELD TRUST COMPANY

WAKEFIELD, MASS.

The _____

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Doris Stickney